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ON MAIN STREET, NEXT TO
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They would be pleased to wait on
all who may call on them. ff

W. E. Dickens, a stranger who was going to start a new paper at Moreland, has changed his mind and disappeared, leaving a lot of plunder uncalled for in the express office.

FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

My faithful dog—his actions fairly talk—
and his words on the way he was walking,
and being frivolic, was you know, connected
with some namesake of yours, a Miss—
"Annie?" suggested the lady.
"Ah, no; a Miss Biddle, a lady who has interested me extremely for several months."

"Ah!" in icy tones.
"I mean, you know," floundered Tillingbury, "who would interest me if I were not a man?"

"Ah!" with an almost imperceptible shawing.
"Then you have seen only her photograph?"

"No; not exactly that. I've never seen her at all, you know; but I—well—I came into possession of a piece of property of hers."

"Oh! genial." "And you want to rostors it?"

"Oh—well—yes, but not immediately, you know. That is, I want to put it in its place."

"Of course."

There was a pause. Mr. T. took the little green box from his pocket and opened it slowly.

"O! a wedding ring! And it's for the lady you were speaking of. How—how interesting."

"Are you cold?" asked Mr. Tillingbury anxiously.

"Not at all. What were you saying?"

He gave the history of his purchase and showed Ambie the date and the letters upon the ring, which she held up to the paleing sky.

"Let us go in," she said to him, as she handed it back.

A week later Tillingbury received the following note. It was from the old gentleman whose heir he had been declared. "It ran:

"My Dear Friend: It is awfully for you that I have not written to you about the treatment by my granddaughter. It seems that she never received her grandmother's ring, which might have been taken in marriage. In my first rage I told my daughter that I would never give her any more ring. "Alas," I said, "how many times I have caught some gauze pleasure passing by, and thought, but here we reached the spot where that horrid's family lived, and I just what I thought, and what I sought to say." —Robert J. Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

THEY SHARED IT.

The Property Which Depended Upon a Wedding Ring.

"Express-train, Tillingbury? If it's the last Cunarder you're after, you needn't hurry so tremendously, that's just off; I've come from making my adieu to friends."

Tillingbury laughed and waited for the next speaker. "I'm bound for nowhere in particular," he said; "I was only thinking."

"Thinking, were you? I never knew your thoughts to race so before."

"I never heard before that I was to be heir to a million."

Lightfield uttered an exclamation. "You don't mean that the old fellow has done it?"

"No, not done it, you know. He hasn't keeled over yet, and I don't wish him harm, of course. I can't be in a hurry decently, but he's going to do it. He has nearer relatives, but he is outrageous against those; says that they have treated him abominably, and that, if I am only second cousin, I shall rake in the whole pile some day if I have well."

"It's doubtful if you do," retorted Lightfield, with a laugh.

Tillingbury asked where his friend was going.

"To an auction; will you come?"

"Why, yes; but I feel like buying every thing at first-hand this morning."

"O, this is the wildest kind of a lark. They are going to sell off the entire property of the old gentleman."

The fellows buy them under cover, you know, and when the strings come off it's sometimes rare fun."

Mr. T. realized that here was an opportunity to safely give vent to the hilarity of his mood. The office was crowded, the bidding lively.

He had a hearty laugh when a man of six feet unfolded a boy's cap; when a solemn old gentleman solemnly took off the wrappings about a fantastically-ornamented parasol which in its cover he had decided must be a walking-stick; when a dude leaped back from a sudden collision with a "Punch and Judy" unskillfully sprung; and when a young man noted for extreme vivacity displayed to view an infant's watchdog.

"Try your luck," insisted Lightfield, and Tillingbury, quoting the saying about precious things in small packages, pitched upon what was said as if it might be a small jewel-box.

"A vivid imagination," laughed his friend, when he heard this suggestion. It was a jewel-box. Tillingbury was elated.

"I have the prize!" he cried.

A curious and half-envious group clustered about him as he opened it with an air of pride.

What made him shut down the lid so hurriedly, while the unmanageable blood swept up to the roots of his hair as he heard a universal shout of laughter go up from all about him?

"There was in the box a massive gold ring."

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HERNDON, KY.

DECEMBER 3rd, 1886.

ED. KENTUCKIAN.—After having been shut off from communication with the outside world for more than two weeks, it is again my privilege to inform you of the doings and misdoings of this locality.

Our usual shooting scare took place on Saturday evening last. The parties were a man named Ladd (white) who shot at Beauregard Davie, alias Stark, (col.) five times, it is said, without effect. As usual too no trial of the case has been had, therefore I am unable to give you any further particulars. This is not less than the fifth, and I believe sixth, shooting affair which has occurred in our village in the last four months and no investigation had been made, so far as I am concerned, and I have no idea.

He says "Somebody is going to get hurt at that foolishness yet." So I think, unless it is put a stop to by a vigorous enforcement of the law.

A bold robbery also occurred on the next night after the shooting. Some one, or more, entered the house of Amanda Coleman, col., and absconded therefrom a trunk containing \$13 and a lot of clothing. The trunk and clothing were found the next day in a field near by but the return of "non est inventus" has been made as regards the money. But I won't tell you any more bad tidings about our town for as the doting mother said when her first born infant was presented to her enraptured gaze, "You know you are ugly but the Lord knows your mammy loves you" and so I say.

Our neighbor Mrs. E. J. Fleming had the misfortune to lose her house and nearly all of its contents by fire about two weeks ago. It is not known how it caught. It was worth three and perhaps four thousand dollars and I have been informed, was insured for \$2,500. The loss will fall heavily upon her and it is hoped that the insurance companies will promptly and fairly respond to their obligations.

REV. THOS. B. WARWICK,
Scott Town, O.

KELLYS, KY.

The cold winds and snow make us realize that winter has come indeed. All seasons have their charms in spite of the discontented grumblers and crossers who persist in looking at none but the dark side of everything. In the spring the days were balmy and pleasant and the earth was begotten with myriads of lovely flowers. In the summer the cool shades by the streams or the pleasant twilight hour when the hot day is past, make a never-to-be-forgotten green isle in the waving sea of memory. In autumn—but how can I describe it? The long lazy Indian summer days and the woods putting on a robe of glory no mortal's brush can企及. And though the leaves blow off and the snow hold indicated that it is pleasant to sit by the bright fire at eve when the labors of the day are over and talk over the year past and lay plans for the year to come. And then on a still, calm night when the moon shines on the snow, no thought, no tongue, nor pen of mortal can conceive of anything more beautiful.

The year closes people are making arrangements for next. Mr. William Fortune has sold his farm on Tradewade to Rev. J. W. Boyd, and has bought the farm of Mr. E. W. Bobbitt, one mile north of Kelly's. It is reported that Mr. Bobbitt has bought Mr. T. W. Gooch's farm at Kelly's. There has been such a trade breaking up sometime, but we do not know if it is decided.

Mr. C. S. Hurst has been appointed magistrate in Kelly's precinct to serve until the first of June, 1887.

Mr. F. W. Owen, Jr., our cornet and banjo soloist, has a new silver cornet which is a beauty. Mr. Owen means to make his mark in the world and if he makes it as high as he means to the temple of fame will have to be elevated a few notches to so as to do them justice.—Boston Globe.

Mr. F. W. Owen, Sr., is on the invalid list. We hope he will soon be out again.

We saw a young man recently buying some household articles. That looks as if a partnership was in contemplation.

What is the matter with the mails? We get our mail one day late.

ROVER

Black Wolf

Or Black Leprosy, a disease which is considered incurable, but it has yielded to the curative properties of Swift's Specific—now known all over the world as S. S. Mrs. Bailey, of West Somerville, Mass., near Boston, was attacked several years ago with this hideous black eruption, and was treated by the best medical talent, who could only say that the disease was a species of LEPROSY and consequently incurable. It is impossible to describe her sufferings. Her body from the crown of her head to soles of her feet was a mass of decay, the flesh rotting off and leaving caviatiles. Her fingers festered and several digits dropped off at one time. Her eyes continued by the fearful ulceration and for a time she did not leave her bed. Her weight was reduced from 125 to 60 pounds. The first idea of her condition can be gleaned from the fact that three pounds of Cosmoline or ointment were used per week in dressing her sores. Finally the physician acknowledged their defeat by this Black Wolf, and commended the sufferer to her all-wise Creator.

Her husband, hearing wonderful reports of Swift's Specific (S. S.), prevailed on her to try it as a last resort. She began its use under protest, but soon found that her system was being relieved of the poison, as the sores assumed a red and healthy color, as though the blood was

coming pure and active. Mrs. Bailey continued the S. S. until last February; every sore was healed; she discarded chair and crutches; and was for the first time in 12 years a well woman. Her husband, Mr. C. A. Bailey, is in business at 17's Blackstone Street, Boston and will take pleasure in giving the details of this wonderful cure. Send to for Treatment on Blood and Skin Diseases, mailed free.

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